Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King, he for the same,
will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gratious Emperour, Oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweete tidings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay father, for that Noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my bloud than you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Marcus, which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloudie Battleaxe,
writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two Nephews from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthie ende.
Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand shall goe.
Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.
Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred herbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lucius. Sweete father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.
Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Marcus. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,

Lend

Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine
Moore. If that be calde deceit, I will be h
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again*

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shall be
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him burie it,
More hath it merited, that let it haue:
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchasde at an easie price,
And yet deare too, because I bought mine o
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with t
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villanie,
Doth fat me with the verie thoughts of it,
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for g
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face
Titus. Oh here I lift this one hand vp to h
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wouldst thou kneele v
Doe then deare hart, for heauen shall heare
Or with our sighs we le breath the welkin d
And staine the sunne with fogge, as sometim
When they doe hug him in their melting b
Marcus. Oh Brother speake with possibil
And doe not breake into these deepe extrea
Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe hauing no b